THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
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Our Stake in Apartheid

Stanley Meisler

THE ABYSS OF POLICY

The Unthinkable Target

Christopher Lasch & Alan B. Spitzer

A Touch of Tyranny

Richard F. Hamilton

'DOG YEARS' by Günter Grass

Paul West

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LETTERS

Freedom from censors

Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed very much the article, "An End To All Censors," by attorney Elmer Gertz [*The Nation*, July 5]. . . . The opinions he expresses can be verified by visiting both Copenhagen and London as I did last year. In London there is censorship and prior restraint with exceptions, with the result that newsstands are glutted with near-pornography. In Denmark freedom of the press is interpreted to permit full portrayal of the human anatomy and its functions. There was an assortment of inexpensive nudist magazines and also an illustrated book entitled *The History of Erotic Art* illustrated with graphic representations of human coitus in the different cultures of the world back through each century of history. . . . Denmark has only a trickle of "men's magazines" and similar offerings as contrasted with the flood we have in this country and in Britain.

Scandinavia is living proof that liberty does well to make its errors in the direction of license and not in censorship and prior restraint.

T. B. Caldwell

Collection of losers

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your publication of Henry Popkin's thoughtful and provocative review of *America's Lost Plays* [*The Nation*, June 14] contains one great irony—this is not, nor was it originally intended to be, a collection of the best of 19th-century American drama. It is an assemblage of rejects, plays which were not deemed worthy of publication at the time. . . .

There are no masterpieces in 19th-century American drama, but it does deserve to be judged by its best efforts. Thus, while most of Mr. Popkin's insights are almost painfully acute, they are just a bit unfair to the best works of Tyler, Bird, Barker and Boker—to name but four.

The villain of the piece (if villain is the word) is the haphazard system of American publishing under which this collection of mediocrity seems destined to become enthroned as the representative of 19th-century American drama. *Robert O'Brien*

To end the war

New York City

Dear Sirs: Many of us are trying to organize anti-Vietnam war activities at the community level. One of the groups which is trying to do this is The New York Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Those of your readers who live in New York City and would like to either join this committee or find out more about its activities should write to: The New York Committee to End the War in Vietnam, 1165 Broadway, New York, N.Y., or call 889-5793. *We desperately need new members.*

Robert Feinstein

Editor's Note

Jack Newfield in "The Question of SNCC" (*The Nation*, July 19) reported that Irving Howe, at a public meeting, described the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee as "bureaucratically deformed, manipulative and undemcratic." Howe denies having made such a statement; Newfield maintains that the words are in his notes on the meeting. A tape of the meeting was played back and proved inconclusive. The words attributed to Howe are not there. The first five minutes of Howe's fifteen-minute speech were not recorded, however, because a reel was being changed.

What can be heard on the tape are the following remarks by Howe regarding liberal, labor and civil rights organizations:

Can they become bureaucratic? Yes, in part, they have become bureaucratic. Do you think that any social movement, including the civil rights organizations, if they succeed, can avoid the risk — it is a risk — of becoming bureaucratic?

What is important, in any case, is what Howe thinks about the substantive issue. He denies holding the view attributed to him by Newfield and Newfield recognizes that Howe does not adhere to the characterization of SNCC ascribed to him.

Dangerous corner

Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Given today's weaponry, the No. 1 rule for international conduct generally agreed upon is: don't back a major nation into a corner, leaving it only one honorable choice.

Alarmingly enough, we are doing just that in Vietnam. Can Russia and China permit much longer the incessant bombing, the devastating of a fellow nation, and the posing of an ever-growing ground threat around its borders? Not with honor—nor politically (the Communist states would be weakened as a group; faith would be lost in communism as a creed). And when, in all honor, they respond, can we, considering our commitment thus far, in all honor, etc., etc.?

And so it goes. Is there no way to stop this deadly sequence before it is too late? . . . Can't we, somehow or other, turn aside the beast as he lumbers slowly, seemingly inexorably, ever closer to Bethlehem?

Thomas Broderick

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Vietnam at the UN

Having called on the members of the United Nations, "individually and collectively," to help the United States convince the Vietnamese Communists that they should come to the conference table, President Johnson has now addressed a direct appeal to the Security Council "in the hope that the members of the Council will somehow find the means to respond effectively to the challenge raised by the present state of affairs in Southeast Asia." Does this latest move, coinciding with the installation of Justice Arthur Goldberg as the new United States delegate to the UN, represent an "escalation" in the President's search for a negotiated settlement of the Vietnam conflict? The general opinion at the UN, while favorable to Washington's pronouncements, is skeptical about its motivations and results.

Although Secretary Rusk has pledged U.S. cooperation if the Vietnam question should come formally before the Security Council or the General Assembly, Washington has taken no initiative to place the issue on the Security Council's agenda. Questioned on this point after he had presented his credentials to the Secretary-General, Ambassador Goldberg answered that the United States preferred to word its concern "in the form of the letter presented" to U Thant, a document which contains only vague hopes and appeals.

A prima-facie argument against formal discussions in the Security Council on the Vietnam question is that North Vietnam, which is not a member of the UN, has categorically refused to participate in such discussions, and has rejected in advance any recommendation which may be adopted. However, an equally important consideration is that the natural course of affairs for the Security Council, if seized of the Vietnam problem, would be to call for an immediate cease-fire, as is its duty under the Charter. Washington cannot agree to an unconditional cease-fire at this time, since the whole basis of American policy is to use military pressure, actual and potential, to force the Vietnamese Communists into a diplomatic corner. It can also be argued that Hanoi or Peking or the Vietcong, separately or together, are equally opposed to a cease-fire, since they, like the Americans, think that time is working in their favor in the Vietnamese jungles.

In tossing the Vietnam conflict in the unofficial lap of the Security Council, Washington was also counting on a hands-off attitude from the USSR. The Soviet Union held the presidency of the Council during the whole month of July and could have called a meeting at any time, had it wanted to. However, both Hanoi and Peking have warned Moscow against any intervention by the United Nations, which they identify as a tool of the United States. The small countries which are members of the Security Council, such as Malaysia and Jordan, might be tempted to take a bold initiative, but have been discouraged by the uselessness of any attempt to call for a Council meeting on Vietnam in these circumstances.

In fact, the whole concept of a negotiated settlement, as offered by President Johnson, is playing with words. One does not set up a conference table in a vacuum, but only when some concessions are in the offing — usually from both sides. And neither side shows any such disposition at present.

Nor is President Johnson's appeal to the United Nations "unconditional," in the sense of asking the UN to find a solution to an inextricable problem, as the British did in the case of Palestine. His message to the members of the Security Council, to the Secretary-General and to all "diplomats of good will" aims at trying once again to convince the Vietnamese Communists that they had better consent peacefully to the continuous existence of a non-Communist South Vietnam rather than be crushed by American military power, with the same final result. The acceleration of military commitments by Washington, and the long-range plans for the war, show that President Johnson does not believe in the possibility of negotiations on those terms for a long time to come.

This is not to say that the UN is being used by Washington only as a smoke screen, or for propaganda purposes. Gone are the early scorns of the President for U Thant's initiatives. The Secretary-General is being encouraged to "keep channels open" and the diplomatic world has been invited to wave its antennae in Southeast Asia. The United States is trying to hold the UN in reserve for the time when it may be allowed to play a useful role as a result of an acknowledged military stalemate or any unforeseen development.

Our Way of Life

"It is a strange, almost passionless war that the U.S. fights in Vietnam," observes *Newsweek* (August 9). Hence it is the more imperative that the war should be skillfully stage-managed, as was President Johnson's appearance before the TV cameras after his week of conferences on what to do next. It is also imperative that the nation should be eased smoothly into what may become a major conflict of indefinite duration. Thus the President spoke only of sending 50,000 more troops to Vietnam, bringing U.S.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: the next issue will be dated August 30.

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strength there to 125,000 men, and mentioned possible future increases only in general terms. But he, and the ever-smiling Secretary of Defense, had already decided on an augmentation of the armed forces by 330,000 men over the next year or so—and this could be accelerated if deemed necessary. The Pentagon is working on equipment to feed, house and clothe these men in the style to which American soldiers and sailors are accustomed, and to supply them with weapons incorporating the latest technological advances. When it comes to this accouterment, though the war may be passionless (at least in its present phase), a bit of passion does enter.

Not so long ago it seemed we had hit a plateau in military spending. This in itself would have been a remarkable achievement, and Mr. McNamara was credited with bringing it about, or nearly so. It will soon be only a wistful memory. Such controls as Mr. McNamara had imposed are going fast, together with the hopeful vistas of tax cuts and substantial spending on social programs.

To the defense industries, however, this is a far from gloomy prognostication. Even the modest curtailments Mr. McNamara had imposed were a matter of serious concern to them, and hence to business generally. At first, when the war cloud darkened, the stock market wavered—the lightning of price controls might follow. But then the spirits of Wall Street rose as it became clear that the Johnson-McNamara-Bundy war would not be so large as to require curbs on free enterprise, but large enough to avert the predicted recession of 1966 and start the boom anew. Men, women and children would be killed (but the women and children only Asians), a small country would be ravaged, but in America there would be something in it for nearly everyone. Even now, the Pentagon procurement officers are telephoning (the usual letter notification is too slow) their orders for steel helmets, helicopters, airplanes, rifles, ammunition, uniforms and hundreds of other items. Plants are preparing to go on a three-shift basis, and a new excitement is sweeping through the ranks of management. That is where the passion comes in.

And how does the public feel about it all? On the whole, not too badly. Some young men, and their parents and girl friends, do not relish the prospect of death in Vietnam, and some groups will resent a further postponement of social betterment (everything Johnson's Great Society promised was promised by Franklin D. Roosevelt thirty years ago), but the general mood is that since it must be, one might as well get what one can out of it. Thus labor will be looking for its cut, and those localities which have been living in fear of McNamara's plan to close a local military facility will see that he was not such a menace after all.

This adaptability—and the moral insensibility that comes with it—is not strange or remarkable. It is not as if this way of life were entirely new. The truth is that since FDR's time we have been living in a war economy, with intervals of peace which were only a variant of war. Accustomed to this cycle of war-in-peace and peace-in-war, many of us hardly know that there was once a different mode of life. As for the prospect that this other, more constructive, way might recur, it seems a fancy so remote that practical men will not waste their time on it.

Sowing Future Trouble

Berkeley Municipal Judge Rupert Crittenden has been passing sentence on the students involved in the F.S.M. (Free Speech Movement) demonstrations of last December 2-3 at the University of California. Gene Marine's report ("No Fair: The Students Strike at California," *The Nation*, Dec. 21, 1964) leaves one with the conviction that many of the demonstrators had been sufficiently punished by the club- and fist-swinging police. But Judge Crittenden seems never to have heard that there were two sides to this melancholy affair, much less that larger issues are involved than disorder on one campus. He cracked down on the F.S.M. leaders, apparently on the theory that harsh punishment would prevent a repetition. He sentenced Mario Savio to 120 days in jail, Savio's wife to forty-five days, on charges of trespassing and resisting arrest; in both cases two convictions were involved, with the sentences to run concurrently. Other sentences were of equal severity. Defendants in cases arising from civil rights demonstrations in the same area have been treated leniently—in most instances they were either placed on probation or given light sentences. Prof. Thomas Parkinson voiced the sentiments of many faculty members and students when he said that the judge "simply caved in under outside pressure." Parkinson cannot be accused of bias; at the time of the demonstrations, he called the students "moral spastics" for flaunting four-letter words at some of the rallies.

But a worse feature of the court's attitude toward the 750 defendants was the proffered bait of shorter jail terms for those who would accept conditional probation. Savio, for instance, could have got off with ninety days if he had been willing to accept two years' probation, with the stipulation that he would not engage during that period in any "illegal" demonstrations. He refused, and so did his wife and some thirty-odd other defendants. Who is to say at the outset of a demonstration whether it will be legal or illegal at its close? It may be perfectly orderly until somebody throws a punch. A sit-in, such as occurred at Sproul Hall, may or may not be illegal, though it is more dangerous on its face than a picket line which, as in Negro demonstrations in the South, may be rendered illegal at the whim of the police and the courts. Judge Crittenden's offer was not only a legal booby trap but amounted to political castration.

This magistrate—and he is certainly not unique—seems to be completely oblivious to the social aspects of the Berkeley episode. He seems never to have read the Byrne report to the regents of the University of

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California, nor enlightened analyses like Mervin B. Freedman's "Roots of Student Discontent" (*The Nation,* June 14). "We conclude," the Byrne report observed, "that the basic cause of unrest on the Berkeley campus was the dissatisfaction of a large number of students with many features of the society they were about to enter." This is not a situation peculiar to the University of California, nor are the issues peculiar to college students. With the country on the brink of a greater war in Asia, its enlightened young people have little cause for satisfaction with the society their elders have prepared for them. Treating them like children on the one hand, and like criminals on the other, will only feed the flames of revolt. Judge Crittenden is preparing other Berkeleys, and not only within his own jurisdiction.

Summer Delay

The new voting rights bill, finally passed after a summer of inconsequential debate, stands as a major accomplishment of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who turned the bitter violence of Selma into a conscience cry for the nation and, not incidentally, into an irresistible pressure on Administration and Congress.

But the bill's opponents gained far more than a few weeks' delay by stalling passage of the bill into August. Overlooked in the chorus of editorial praise is the fact that Negro voter registration in the South has been seriously set back for an entire year. In the flush of the Selma-to-Montgomery march and the obvious legislative victory that was to follow, the SCLC set up its summer project—SCOPE—and recruited more than 1,000 students and others, primarily for voter-registration work in several states. By mid-June these summer volunteers were deployed, mainly in literacy-test states, awaiting the new tool promised them by the Congress.

For all practical purposes they never got it. By the end of August, the SCOPE program will be over, the students will return to their campuses, the other volunteers to their homes. The local Negroes left in the civil rights movement are young, enthusiastic, determined and courageous—but they are neither educated nor trained in voter-registration work, nor politically sophisticated. They cannot make the effective use of the new legislation that the outside volunteers could have made, nor as effectively rally other Negroes out of their ground-in apathy.

The delay is particularly important in Alabama, where Sen. John Sparkman must be a candidate for re-election next year. No outstanding civil rights advocate himself, Sparkman is nevertheless the Administration's—and the Negroes'—only hope for staving off Governor George Wallace, who has long had his eye on the Senate. The extensive registration of Negro voters in Alabama, as a move to insure Sparkman's re-election and Wallace's defeat, was a major part of the Martin Luther King-Lyndon Johnson strategy.

The voting rights bill is long overdue, and we welcome its passage. The job now is to find ways to implement it, this fall and winter, without waiting for a new infusion of summer volunteers in 1966.

Our Stake in Apartheid . . . . . Stanley Meisler

In 1963, during a Security Council debate on apartheid, Adlai Stevenson announced dramatically that the United States had banned all sale of arms to the Republic of South Africa. The step had been taken, he said, to show America's deep concern that South Africa refused to abandon its racist policies. In March of this year, a reactor went critical at a research center near Pretoria, and South Africa joined the nuclear age. The feat was made possible by the firm that designed and built the equipment: Allis-Chalmers of Milwaukee.

Juxtaposed, the two events drive home some little-known truths about America and apartheid. The United States, while mouthing its disdain for the Afrikaan regime, is an accelerator of the economic boom that insures the Verwoerd government's confidence and self-righteousness. As an investor in South Africa and as a trading partner, the United States is outranked only by Great Britain. The investments and the volume of trade rise month by month. Seeing this growing American entanglement, South Africa takes with a grain of salt any rude comments that may come from official American sources. Why worry, for example, about an embargo on arms that are easy to manufacture, as long as America licenses the export of nuclear machinery that South Africa cannot produce itself? The Republic's ability to bear up under official U.S. scolding is further bolstered by American economic interests which are coalescing into a South Africa lobby designed to make certain that the remarks are not, after all, too rude.

The latest Department of Commerce figures show that U.S. direct investment in South Africa reached $415 million by the end of 1963. These official figures, however, understate the case: they are computed at book value rather than actual value and do not include such indirect investments as purchase of South African stocks and bonds, and American bank loans to South African companies. Various South African official and business sources offer figures that are anywhere from $250 million to $500 million higher than those of the Department of Commerce. It is safe to assume that total American investment has now reached between $750 million and $1 billion.

This total is little more than 1 per cent of American investment overseas, but it accounts for 11 per cent of foreign investment in South Africa (Britain is the

Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

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leader, with 60 per cent). More important, the figures show that American investment has accelerated during a period when world opinion has hardened toward South Africa. Direct American investment has tripled since 1950; since Sharpeville (1960) it has increased 45 per cent.

Profits, not politics, have drawn American capital to this neo-Fascist state. South Africans live in heady, booming times. Gross National Product increased 11 per cent last year, and the University of Stellenbosch's Bureau of Economic Research says that the only possible future brake on this boom is a shortage of skilled labor. But it adds that even this would help South Africa by holding back inflation. The average return on American investments in 1960 was 29 per cent in mining and 7.5 per cent in manufacturing. From 1958 to 1961, the average earnings on U.S. investments in South Africa were 17.1 per cent, one of the fattest returns in the world. And profits have increased since then.

The biggest American companies doing business in South Africa are automotive manufacturers. Ford and General Motors sold more than half of the 143,000 cars bought in South Africa last year. The cars were assembled in South Africa from parts made both in the United States and in South Africa. The Afrikaan Government is trying to make sure that more and more of these parts are manufactured at home. Under new regulations, South Africa will restrict imports to an assembler of autos unless he can show that 55 per cent of his output will be built from South African parts by 1967.

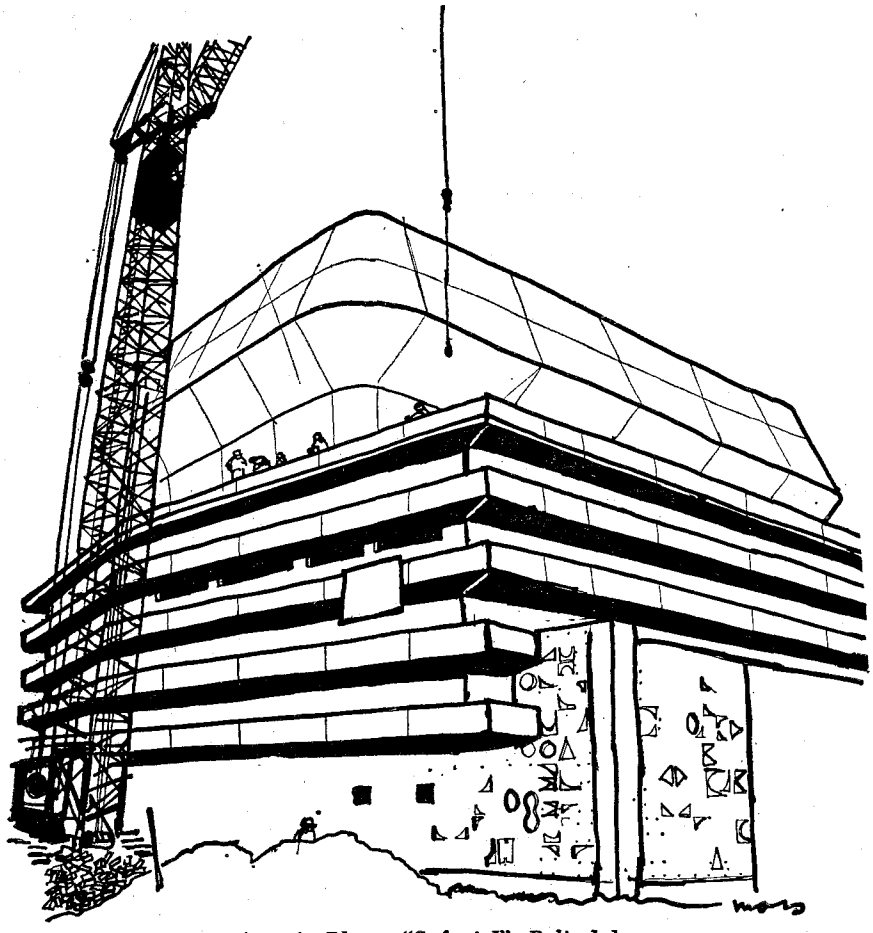
Faced by these regulations and by the competition of cheaper British, German and Japanese cars, the American firms have announced plans to build new parts plants in South Africa. Chrysler has investment plans of $35 million, General Motors, $33 million and Ford, $11 million. This is two-thirds of the total new investment in the South African automotive industry. Last April, General Motors opened its new $30 million, 17-acre engine plant at Aloes, near Port Elizabeth. The factory is producing the first auto engine manufactured and machined completely in South Africa. Ford is completing a similar plant nearby.

Besides insuring a market to American auto manufacturers, these plants comprise part of South Africa's strategic defense. The regime can face economic sanctions or even a rebellion with that much more confidence when it does not have to depend on imported auto engines. Once again the American ban on arms shipments to South Africa sounds hollow.

But it would be unfair to harp on the activities of Detroit's Big Three — 230 American firms are doing business in South Africa. Kimberley-Clark, operating with a South African company, is about to set up a new plant near Johannesburg to manufacture facial and toilet tissues, paper towels, napkins and other paper products. The list of American companies with plants or subsidiaries in the country reads like a U.S. Chamber of Commerce honor roll: Allied Chemical, American Cyanamid, Gillette, IBM, International Harvester, National Cash Register, Olin Mathieson, Procter & Gamble, Revlon and Upjohn, to tick off a few.

The United States is also South Africa's second largest trading partner (again next to Great Britain). In the first nine months of last year, the United States was selling goods to South Africa at a rate of $371 million a year, and imports from South Africa were at a rate of $236 million.

The United States buys mostly uranium, diamonds, copper, wool and rock-tail lobsters from South Africa—in all, 17 per cent of South Africa's exports. Trade from South Africa to America has remained fairly constant in the last few years (there was a small dip last year) but American exports to South Africa have grown markedly (in 1964, they were up 36 per cent). American sales to South Africa rise because of the country's need for heavy machinery, its increased consumer purchasing power, and its ability to redress any unfavorable balance of payments with gold—it produces 70 per cent of the world's supply.



Atomic Plant: "Safari I"; Pelindaba

The aid and comfort that American dollars give South Africa are probably less significant in the long run than the effect these dollars will have on American public opinion. It is vital to American financial interests that South Afri-

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can policy receive a sympathetic hearing in the United States. Part of this necessity derives from guilt: it sometimes seems that no American businessman can invest a cent in South Africa without making a public pronouncement to justify his deed. But a more important part comes from greed. Profits could be jeopardized by sanctions or rebellion; as long as no harm comes to Verwoerd and his kind, the money rolls in.

Last March, Gen. Lauris Norstad, retired NATO Supreme Commander and now president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., flew to Johannesburg to discuss plans for a multimillion-dollar expansion of a fiberglas plant in South Africa. With Harold Boeschenstein, chairman of Owens-Corning, at his side, General Norstad said: "We have full confidence in South Africa—not only we as individuals but the United States and the American people as well." Asked about the UN discussions of sanctions, Norstad replied: "We hope that nobody will take any step that may cause more trouble than it will avoid." Boeschenstein added: "Any boycott moves do not reflect the general opinion of the people of the United States nor of its businessmen." Such remarks nourish the self-righteousness and blindness of South African whites. They also confuse the issue back home. The public, after all, sees General Norstad as a renowned diplomat and military strategist, not as an Owens-Corning executive. It counts for something when the former NATO Supreme Commander offers his learned views on South Africa. The Information Service of South Africa lost no time in distributing the cheery comments of Norstad and Boeschenstein to American news media.

Although much of the lobbying for South Africa is in this form of statements from individual American businessmen who profit by the *status quo*, there is some organization behind it. Businessmen in South Africa have created the South Africa Foundation to present a gilded picture of their land to the rest of the world. The foundation has organized committees of foreign businessmen in seventeen countries, and recently announced plans to open a foundation office in New York. The most prominent American member is Charles W. Englehard of Newark, N.J., who was elected a vice chairman when the foundation was organized in 1959.

Englehard is chairman of a host of South African mining and industrial firms, including Rand Mines, Minerals and Chemicals Philipp Corp., and the American-South African Investment Co. Colin Legum, in his book, *South Africa: Crisis for the West*, estimated Englehard's personal stake in South Africa at $33.6 million. Although Englehard some time ago lectured South Africa on the need for better racial policies, his latest statements brim with confidence in the existing state of affairs. In May, when he dedicated the new $3.6 million, 19-story Rand Mines building in Johannesburg, he announced: "With this structure we are expressing our confidence not only in the future of our mining group but also in the future of South Africa." A few months earlier, in an annual report that showed record profits for the American-South African Investment Co., Englehard said that South African "progress in my opinion will be advanced if the rest of the world shows understanding of the problems which exist. Inaccurate reports, whether emanating from well-meaning sources or otherwise, only aggravate the difficulties and play into the hands of Communist supporters — more interested in furthering their own cause than in helping the people of this and other African countries." Englehard's remarks should not be dismissed as the talk of some eccentric rich man whose influence on American policy is negligible. He has been on the New Jersey delegation to several Democratic National Conventions, and is known as a generous contributor to the party.

The South African Foundation often takes American businessmen on tours of South Africa to see investment opportunities and the "positive" side of the country's racial policies. These tours have made converts, including former Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder who, according to the foundation, now believes that "South Africa is worthy of our closest association in building up a strong world economy, and also in the protection of the world against the encroachment of communism."

The South African lobby also has a recruit in the old China lobby. The American-Asia Education Exchange and its executive secretary, Marvin Liebman, have added South Africa to their stable of right-wing causes. In fact, the exchange is now known as the American-Afro-Asian Educational Exchange.

Any survey of American financial involvement in South Africa must raise some pointed questions about the relation of morality to money. The reply of American finance sometimes is that investments are amoral: dollars go where the profits are. Chase Manhattan, criticized for its loans to South Africa, wrote Students for a Democratic Society: "If we consider the receiver of a loan to be financially responsible, we do business with him, regardless of his nationality, religion, or political views. . . . We feel it would be unwise and unfair if we, as a bank, made judgments that were not based on economics."

But morality does not sit well on the conscience of American investors in South Africa. They feel compelled to fabricate an image that accords with their greed. The goal of their lobby is to show how moral it is to uphold stable, capitalist, misunderstood South Africa, the only Western anchor on a continent of Communist chaos.

In one sense, this pretense of ethics exposes the vulnerability of the lobby. Unlike the China lobby, which simply had to drum into America what it was ready to believe, the South Africa lobby must counter prevailing opinion. Enough news has come from South Africa in the last decade to convince many Americans that Verwoerd and his regime are evil; the lobby must now prove that evil is good.

The voice of the lobby is growing louder, keeping pace with American financial interests in South Africa and the disorder on the rest of the continent. The lobby may not convince America that Verwoerd is good, but it may persuade America that he at least is better than chaos and communism. Can the United States allow economic sanctions that might create turmoil in South Africa and expose it for "Communist" pickings? Should the United States support the South African Government in case a "Communist" rebellion erupts? The lobby could be decisive in pulling the noses of U.S. policy makers toward loaded questions inspired by booming profits.

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THE ABYSS OF POLICY

1. The Unthinkable Target

Christopher Lasch & Alan B. Spitzer

A very simple and urgent task for those who condemn our policy in Vietnam is to support the Administration in its present inhibitions about the saturation bombing of large cities. It can be argued that so many atrocities have already been committed in Vietnam that it is pointless to make further distinctions about methods of warfare. But even our present methods, deplorable as they may be, are morally distinguishable from the systematic bombing of civilian populations. It can also be argued that the issue is not whether our methods are morally defensible but whether they are politically effective—whether social revolution can be indefinitely "contained." But no policy which contributes to the normalization of terror can be said to be an effective instrument of democracy.

Public discussion, such as it is, tends to focus on the practicality of our objectives in Vietnam, on the probable consequences of our withdrawal, and on the endlessly debated question of whether the war in South Vietnam is a civil war or an act of aggression from the north. These are inescapable questions and it is important to have raised them. Meanwhile, however, the war grinds on, and it becomes more and more difficult for the Administration, since it is losing the war, to resist the demand for bigger and bigger bombs. It is important for critics of the Administration to spell out all the implications of this demand and, for once, to try to forestall a disaster.

If some of the Administration's liberal supporters meant what they said, they themselves would have raised the issue. One of the arguments in favor of the Johnson policy is that, whatever the mistakes of previous administrations, we are too deeply involved in South Vietnam to get out now; that, on the other hand, the effort to eradicate the Vietcong would involve us in an indefinite effort to prop up ineffectual and undemocratic regimes in the south, while a stepped-up aerial war against the north would lead logically to war with Communist China; and that the proper course of action, therefore, is to send more ground troops to South Vietnam in order to convince the Vietcong that they will have to settle for a negotiated peace. On several occasions, people who take this line — Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for example — have assured critics of the war in Vietnam that this was the policy actually being followed by the government. Yet these people have made no effective public protest against the accelerating aerial assault on North Vietnam, which is so clearly not a part of the policy they recommend—is, in fact, directly contrary to it, since it rests on the premise, explicitly repudiated by men like Schlesinger, that the war in the south is controlled and directed from the north.

Thus, it remains for the critics of the Administration, for those who have argued all along that our war in South Vietnam was as hopeless as that of the French ten years before, to take up the narrower issue as well as the broader one, and to make it clear that whatever alternatives may be considered in the future, the one immediate alternative that must not be considered is the saturation bombing of civilian targets in North Vietnam.

To take such a position may seem like straining at gnats after swallowing napalm—or systematic crop destruction, or the bombing of hundreds of square miles in which there had possibly been Vietcong soldiers and certainly were Vietnamese civilians. The normalization of atrocities which was the richest legacy of World War I (only temporarily discredited by the Nazi exaggeration of its uses) has deadened our vocabulary of protest to the point where savageries can be criticized only in the context of debates about larger goals of policy. John Roche of ADA, a spokesman for hard-boiled liberalism, recently argued in *The New Leader* (Apr. 26, 1965) that only an absolute pacifist could cogently raise moral objections to our specific tactics in Vietnam (*he* happened to have fairly complicated pragmatic criticisms). But the simple clarity of this line is rarely taken up by the official apologists for our daily counterinsurgency, who need to satisfy a general thirst for piecemeal moral distinctions. Thus we bomb bridges and barracks but not people, we use gas that induces nausea instead of death, and we avoid high-level bombing because of the danger to innocent civilians —at least we did until strategic and political considerations reversed that policy. In short, the need to justify policy in moral terms survives; and all who are not completely captivated by the "pragmatic" position might do well to take that fact as a source of slight comfort and as an impulse to action.

Those who reject all of our goals and all of our tactics may reject all such distinctions as well. But the distinctions are real enough for a thousand, or several hundred thousand, North Vietnamese women and children who may or may not be incinerated in the course of the year. And it is no small thing that this has not yet happened, that our leaders have rejected, so far, the alternatives of Representative Ford or General Clark; and whatever we think about their other decisions we had better be grateful for as much restraint as they have shown. It may be that President Johnson and Secretary McNamara reject the murder of a couple of hundred thousand people on absolute moral grounds, or it may be that they merely find it inexpedient; at any rate they haven't done it. As far as we can tell, there are people

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Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Four Horsemen

of great weight now advocating that solution, and it is well for the rest of us to hold out, as emphatically as we can, against it.

We shall, of course, continue to fight the other consequences of the dirty war in Vietnam—so predictable and now so unpleasant as to suggest to some of our leaders the tempting possibility of cleaner alternatives executed from higher altitudes. What we must also work very hard to do is to make one particular alternative — the bombing of Hanoi and other North Vietnamese cities—inconceivable. The ease with which many Americans have been taught to tolerate the intolerable shows that this is no simple task. We can ask Representative Ford how many thousands of lives he would spend to bring Ho Chi Minh to the conference table, whether the alternatives he envisions to a large ground war are fire storms like Dresden or "conventional" atomic demonstrations on a slightly larger scale than Hiroshima. But the nature of "escalation" usually makes it difficult to pose the question in precisely these terms. A first bomb would not be dropped on the most populous center of Hanoi where cameras of a French news service happened to be trained, but on a peripheral target already defined as acceptable by previous assumptions—and this explosion would then become the previous assumption for the next and deadlier drop. The principle of escalation is simultaneously tactical and moral; and it has its real effect, though most critics and admirers of Herman Kahn have missed the point, not so much on the enemy as on ourselves. The enemy cannot always be depended on to respond rationally to our finely calibrated increments of force; he might even be goaded by our restrained dialogue into blowing out the circuits of our implicit communications. But what escalation surely does is to prepare the American public itself for the next step away from humanity; and that requires a persistent iteration of the impossibility of an American policy that moves toward the mass murder of the civilian population of North Vietnam.

It can be said in reply, of course,

(*Continued on page* 88)

2. A Touch of Tyranny . . . . . Richard F. Hamilton

The nationally heralded lucubrations of President Eisenhower's Commission on National Goals were published in *Goals for Americans: Programs for Aciton in the Sixties* (Prentice-Hall, 1960), which contained a final chapter—"A Look Further Ahead" — written by William P. Bundy. Mr. Bundy was then the Commission's Staff Director, on leave from the CIA; he has since become the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. In this brief chapter, Mr. Bundy made some predictions about the future state of human affairs and offered some guidelines for United States policy with respect to these anticipated events.

His basic analysis is Malthusian. The central problem is one of population growth outstripping economic growth. Perhaps we should call it neo-Malthusian, since the problem is not merely one of meeting minimal needs but is aggravated by the growth of wants beyond those dictated by subsistence. His basic solution to the problem is, like Malthus', a repressive one.

As Bundy puts it, the required innovations "often cannot be undertaken fully in a free society." Despite the qualifying "often," the subsequent argument leaves no room for free methods. In the following paragraph he stresses the contrast between developed nations and the "less developed." The former began industrialization without substantial demographic pressures and could use "free methods"; but for the less developed there is an apparent need for "methods of compulsion" which "at least for a time" are able

Richard F. Hamilton, a political sociologist now teaching at Princeton University, is at work on two books: one on affluence and the French worker, the other on American politics.

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to deny the desires for increased living standards, and are able to command payment of the "human costs." In essence, the "goals" he suggests we Americans adopt for the underdeveloped nations involve short-run authoritarian regimes.

Mr. Bundy's point involves more than a "suggestion." As presented, it amounts to an argument that there is a "realistic" need for authoritarianism; there are, apparently, no other ways, and more specifically, there is no short-term *democratic* way.

If this conclusion is in fact inescapable, it should not be sloughed off as casually as is done in Bundy's article, since after all it puts us in a position markedly at variance with our official statement of aims. If, as seems to be the case, short-run authoritarianism is to emerge as our official policy for the underdeveloped countries, a number of implications need consideration:

(1) Such a policy is likely to be less attractive to most Americans than the democratic policies they thought they were supporting.

(2) Such a policy, when recognized, is likely to be especially unattractive to the underdeveloped countries. It means that our distinctive appeal in competition with the USSR and China for the affections of the new nations disappears. Rather than offering a choice of "freedom" or totalitarianism, both sides, it now appears, support authoritarianism. Moreover, both sides claim that their prescription calls for only "short-term" authoritarianism. A differentiation so minimal may explain why the underdeveloped countries have difficulty making up their minds and why there is no rush for the "free world's" offering. The problem for the "beneficiary nation" becomes one of deciding which is the better of the two authoritarianisms; in great measure, it becomes a purely technical question (i.e., of the relative efficiency of two authoritarian mechanisms) rather than a choice of alternative goals.

(3) A related problem concerns the duplicity involved in the sales pitch. Whereas our sales team has been advertising freedom and democracy, the actual package contains short-term authoritarianism. This discrepancy might help many people in the underdeveloped nations to make up their minds — against us. In addition to the dishonesty involved, it plays directly into our competitor's advertising line. They have been saying that our democratic goods are phony, that in reality ours is an authoritarian package. In the light of Bundy's words and our performance, the charge becomes increasingly difficult to dispute.

Given the commitment to authoritarianism as a policy for underdeveloped nations, and the difficulty of merchandising an unattractive (not to say unsavory) product, we arrive at a position where misrepresentation becomes an "acceptable" policy. In fact, to engage in fraudulent advertising of our product becomes "realistic," therefore "necessary." Dictators become democrats. Our ambassador in South Vietnam reproaches our reporters for being "so hard" on Diem. Hans Morgenthau, writing of our recent Vietnam White Paper (a William Bundy production, incidentally) says: "This document . . . provides a particularly glaring tendency to conduct foreign and military policy not on their own merits, but as exercises in public relations. The Government fashions an imaginary world that pleases it, and then comes to believe in the reality of that world and acts as though it were real." The misrepresentation, it is to be noted, as in the case of "rebel" pilots bombing Cuban airfields, is for both foreign and domestic consumption.

If it is argued that our product is different because the men proffering it are specially benevolent (in contrast to the malevolence of the Moscow leadership), then two further considerations need explication. First, if "our men" are specially benevolent, is not the use of authoritarian means likely to corrupt them? Will not long years spent in the "care and training" of dictators, plus the years spent in fabricating public relations documents, leave these specialists totally unfitted for conducting any other kind of policy? Won't the "democratic experts" be shoved aside in favor of the more adept and ruthless authoritarians? And then, won't the difference between benevolent and malevolent intent become entirely a matter of indifference?

Second, if the authoritarianism is genuinely intended to be temporary, then there should be some specification in these "goals for Americans" as to *how* the authoritarian regime is to be transformed in a democratic direction. If we belittle Communist claims about the dictatorship of the proletariat which is to "wither away," we must have something more substantial to offer in support of our counterclaim. That the Diems wither away in favor of the Khanhs, or that the Arbenzes wither away in favor of the CIA's Castillo Armas is not a very encouraging prospect.

There are also some difficulties with William Bundy's underlying assumptions about the sources of conflict in the underdeveloped nations. He sees a "revolution of rising expectations" in these nations; he sees the restive masses envying the wealth and living standards of the advanced nations. Is this a "realistic" view? Are the masses of the peasantry in this world, who are undergoing a *reduction* in living standards, at the same time raising their expectations? Does the poor farmer really seethe with envy about living standards half way around the world, pausing at the hoe to dream momentarily about a new Buick, the while his wife looks up from the fire to dream of an Electrolux vacuum cleaner and their son has turned Communist because he can't afford studs for his motorcycle jacket? A much more likely alternative possibility here is that the elites in the underdeveloped nations are the groups that are increasing their expectations and to the extent that the peasantry is aware of distant events at all, its reaction may well be envy, resentment and hostility toward its leaders. These leaders, if all went according to plan, would be members of the authoritarian governments which we are sponsoring.

If Bundy is correct, that authoritarianism is necessary for underdeveloped countries, a basic question is authoritarianism for whom? If the problem is envy and rapidly rising expectations, the solutions must be appropriate to the cause. If the cause is an increase in middle-class wants, restraints on the peasantry are not at all appropriate. If the problem is corrupt and irresponsible governments which are sapping the development process, again restraints for the peasantry are not in order. Following Bundy's own argument, if the problem has its roots in envy of American living standards, then at minimum the solution is not to broadcast the

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news so widely, not to dramatize the extraordinary and humiliating economic gap. If the root of the problem lies in the behavior of national elites, then at minimum the solution would involve the request that *they* refrain from excessive consumption, and that if they cannot, they should consume in the least flamboyant manner possible.

There is still another causal consideration of paramount importance. The Malthusian dilemma is twofold: it stems from a relative underproduction of goods, and a relative oversupply of people. This would ordinarily suggest the possibility for a twofold attack on the problem. But at this point, quite inexplicably, Mr. Bundy hesitates. "What we clearly must not do in our aid program," he says, "is to make any aspect of it conditional on a nation's handling of its population problem. Under no conditions should the U.S. Government interfere in or attempt to influence local policy or desires regarding population. Birth rates are the result of choices that lie at the heart of human freedom and often of religious belief." There is a very simple policy move open here: make the knowledge and the devices available so that people may freely choose them if they so wish. It is difficult to believe that the peasants in the upper reaches of the Ganges can somehow see the living standards half way around the world and yet cannot see the connection between the size of their families, the productivity of their fields and the resulting shares per person.

My comments to this point have not challenged the assumption that authoritarianism is somehow desirable. To assess this claim we must consider the relative costs of the alternatives. While experience with successful cases of development in the face of massive population pressures is rare (so that we cannot judge the long-term effects of alternative governmental forms), experience with authoritarian regimes and their accomplishments exists in great quantity. What are the findings?

Authoritarianism reduces the available leadership resources. Many potential leaders get neither school training nor practical training. There are substantial leadership losses—some are forced into inactivity ("internal emigration"), some are jailed or killed and some are driven into exile. Promising youths, sent abroad to be educated at great expense, find themselves reluctant to return home, and instead offer their services to the developed countries. The authoritarian society becomes polarized for and against the government; a revolutionary situation is created.

Lacking the restraints that are found in pluralistic contexts (that is, where the opposition has not been made ineffective), those in power are "free" to loot and plunder to their heart's content. This corruption in turn systematically drains off resources which would ordinarily go for development. Being rational investors and able to compare the domestic with the foreign investment opportunities, those in power will choose to invest the earnings from corruption in the already well-developed countries. The authoritarian context is not hospitable to the kinds of idealism that might ordinarily serve to counter the inducements to corruption. And the spectacle of an elite so enthusiastically revolutionizing its own expectations is also likely to corrupt the underlying population. At least, it will not induce them to strive for greater diligence and honesty in their own work.

This suggests that, contrary to the conventional assumption, the costs of authoritarianism are too high to pay. Similarly, it suggests that, while authoritarianism may contribute to the development of Swiss bank accounts, its use as a device for the development of the new nations is very limited. The supposed "efficiencies" of centralized regimes were long ago exposed by Tocqueville. They can coordinate people and resources, he said, and can make an impressive showing in the short run. But then, he said, they come upon difficulties. Since they do not train leaders "in depth," he said, such settings "enervate"; they create apathy and passivity among the mass of men. That is, the authoritarian regime fosters just the opposite of those traits that are most needed. The point is also made by John Stuart Mill in *Our Representative Government*.

There are a number of other difficulties with Mr. Bundy's analysis. Aside from the problems already detailed, which may be put under the heading of "imperfectly explored implications," there remains one of oversimplification. The major oversimplification involves the childlike categorizing of the world into a so-called free portion and a remainder which is unfree. Objection may be made both to the value of such intellectual "economy" and to the policy implications which are likely to follow, specifically from the "we-they" struggle which is posed. Obviously, there are going to be many questionable cases which do not fit easily into either category. Even if we were to accept his approach, Bundy's practice involves an inaccurate use of his own dichotomy. He appears to think, for example, that everything outside the Communist world is free. Under the heading "Less Advanced Free Nations," he includes with no further comment the subheadings, Africa and Latin America. He explicitly includes the United Arab Republic on the free side. The "Rest of Western Europe" falls under the heading of "Advanced Free Nations," apparently including Spain and Portugal as free. Parallel to this careless categorizing of the non-Communist states is an unwillingness to see differences in the "Sino-Soviet Bloc." Bundy notes the Soviet economic potential for 1970 and its capability for conducting foreign-aid programs. The so-called satellite countries will be able to do the same, he says, and, moreover, they "must be considered instruments of Soviet policy." Must they really? This assertion will undoubtedly come as a surprise to Tito. It might be questioned in Albania, and neither Rumania nor Poland would appear to fit this description.

All this amounts to an immature demand for simplicity. The world must divide up into the good guys and the bad guys, and apparently, regardless of the evidence, they are to be forced into one or another of these camps. A performance of this sort would ordinarily be called "rigid" or "inflexible." In any other sphere, such thinking would cast doubts on one's abilities. We would say that you must recognize the differences—at a minimum you must recognize a free-unfree continuum and devise a wider range of policies. The peculiarity in this case is that this is the thinking that has dominated American life for nearly two decades.

In the current controversy over

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Vietnam, we are in essence being told that we must back the President, the State Department, etc., because these are the experts, and the critics are inexpert. But if they are experts, then we must account for their inexpert performance. In this instance, in the work of this leading policy maker, we are given oversimplified terms for analysis; we note inaccurate use even of those terms; we receive imperfectly thought through theories about the underdeveloped world; we are asked to accept policy which undercuts and opposes our most attractive "selling point"; and to swallow transparent fabrications presented to justify our policy. Where then is the expertise?

A final range of questions remains. Why should expertise call for docile consent? Why should those with knowledge about affairs and competence to make policy be so hesitant to explain what they are doing? Isn't it rather the case that at critical points in history we should want "policy" tested and assessed and able to meet all objections? Doesn't another difficulty go with uncritical consent, namely that the experts will have their own expertise diminished by all too easy acceptance of their views, by an absence of challenge? Isn't this just the kind of occasion where we need critical dissent? Wouldn't it have been a good thing to have had dissent in Central Europe in 1914? Maybe if there had been some, the Schlieffen Planners—the 1914 equivalents of the First Strike and Counter Strike strategists of our own age—might have been stopped. As it was, 9 million men later, the word was, "Sorry, we didn't intend it that way." Does an official call for "consent" have any place in a democracy? Isn't the appropriate "response" to criticism in a democracy an argument rather than a call for silence?

The Free University

Academy for Mavericks . . . . . Howard Junker

In Carmel, Calif., Joan Baez opens a school to teach the techniques of nonviolence. In London, novelist Alexander Trocchi coordinates Project Sigma, an international effort to set up revolutionary study groups. In Gainesville, Fla., a Free University with a full-scale constitution awaits financial backing. The Society and Guild of Independent Students is organizing in Swarthmore, Pa. The Students for a Democratic Society are considering a program of independent study.

All this comes in the wake of Mississippi Freedom Schools, the Free Speech Movement/Free University at Berkeley and the teach-ins. No more swallowing goldfish and eating humble pie; no more yearning after a genteel utopia like Sarah Lawrence. To the question of how to correct abuses in American higher education, some students and teachers are now answering that reform is neither possible nor sufficient: We've got to get out on our own, establish our own anti-Establishment.

In New York, on July 6, in the main room of a labyrinthine loft at 20 East 14th St., half a block from Union Square, Staughton Lynd, one-time member of cooperative communities, director of last summer's Freedom Schools, severe critic of American policy in Vietnam and assistant professor of history at Yale, offers the first course, The American Radical Tradition to 1900, at the Free University of New York. His students, eager to do something revolutionary, suggest that the seating arrangement be changed from the usual rows to a classroom-in-the-round. Lynd agrees, then wonders if that's going to change anything. The students laugh, and Lynd, for openers, assails the phony traditions of the American Left.

The Free University of New York — 230-plus students, thirty-plus faculty members—is a start from scratch, totally autonomous, neither an after-hours annex nor the training school of a movement. It was set up by academic mavericks to do what can't be done within the Establishment. FUNY can be compared—though it is dangerous to do so while its survival is moot—with the New School for Social Research, which began in 1919 with the highest credentials (Charles Beard, John Dewey and Thorstein Veblen were on the first faculty) and continued to do pioneer work in adult education, social sciences, foreign-policy studies and the arts. The permissive, creative training of now-defunct Black Mountain College, begun in 1923, with nineteen students and eleven teachers, also comes to mind. But FUNY is not an academic smörgasbord like the New School, nor a sylvan atelier like Black Mountain. FUNY's *raison d'être* is radical politics.

FUNY has no official line, but its debating-society format leans toward Marx not Chautauqua. The faculty includes: a handful of recent visitors to Cuba, editors of *Studies on the Left*, editors of the *Viet Report*, members of the anti-imperialist May 2nd Movement, members of the Trotskyite Spartacist group, an organizer for the Progressive Labor Party, an instructor at the Socialist Workers Party summer school—but no Communists and no Birchers. (An oversight, suggests one instructor.)

Though America has a few right-wing colleges, like Harding and Pepperdine, and although radical students like to accuse all educational institutions of supporting the military-big business Establishment, American colleges are overtly apolitical. They may have been founded by affluent laymen with vested interests to promote, but—as Christopher Jencks, at work with David Riesman on an analysis of higher education, points out—they cannot be positioned by their politics. And now, long after the Red scare purged the "liberal" universities and shut down such "Marxist training camps" as the Jefferson School in New York, there are no institutions which seem to line up on the Left. Yet some American students have declared themselves radicals, and they are beginning to ask for institutions to match their ideologies.

When Clark Kerr accused his

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students at Berkeley of using the university "as a fortress from which they can sally forth with impunity to make their attacks on society," he indicated a new kind of student tension. Far from valuing college because it is secluded and cut off from wordly concerns, some students now want to agitate. A decade ago students beginning to chafe at the impotent role of egghead looked with envy at counterparts in Hungary, France and Japan who were threatening or actually toppling governments. Today there is hope backed by experience that direct action in the form of protest can be taken and does matter. (That not even cloister scholars have looked back on the defection of the professors to Kennedy's Washington as a *trahison des clercs* is another measure of how academic roles are being redefined.)

In the past few years, then, students have increasingly come to see themselves as real (not as intermediates on the way to the real world) and as effective. Last year, beyond countless demonstrations for civil rights and against government foreign policy, more than fifty student demonstrations dealt with on-campus issues. Some, objecting to the administration's role *in loco parentis*, protested dress, dorm or liquor regulations. Some demanded the right to organize or to take political action. Some objected to the firing of radical or teaching-oriented professors. Now the cold eye of the dissatisfied student has turned on the total university experience. FUNY's catalogue states:

> *. . . Students have been systematically dehumanized, deemed incompetent to regulate their own lives, sexually, politically and academically. They are treated like raw material to be processed for the university's clients — business, government and military bureaucracies. Teachers, underpaid and constantly subject to investigation and purge, have been relegated to the position of servant-intellectuals, required, for regular promotion, to propagate points of view in harmony with the military and industrial leadership of our society.*
>
> *The American university has been emasculated. Its intellectual vigor, exuberance and excitement have been destroyed. What remains is a dispassionate and studied dullness, a façade of scholarly activity concealing an internal emptiness and cynicism, a dusty-dry search for permissible truth which pleases none but the administrator and the ambitious.*

If this is the way things are, then the only recourse is to start something new.

FUNY was set up by a small group led by a pair of 30-year-old instructors, Allen Krebs, currently on terminal leave of absence from Adelphi, and James Mellen, instructor in political science at Drew. As befits a university president, Krebs has a Ph.D., from the University of Michigan (1962). He did undergraduate work at Cornell and Northwestern (B.A., 1955), and he has taught at the American University in Beirut. After teaching sociology for a year at Adelphi, Krebs went to Cuba last summer. Upon his return, he found himself in trouble with Adelphi's administration. Charges against him escalated from letting classes out early, to neglecting the syllabus, to teaching a Marxist line. Krebs was relieved of his duties last Christmas. Student protest followed, as well as pressure from the AAUP. The matter of Krebs's reinstatement is now pending before the Board of Trustees.

"It would be groovy to go back," says Krebs, who frequently drops academic precision and comes on like a hip prole. "The controversy has aroused many students; I'd have a good chance of doing what a teacher should—reach students."

Krebs's course at FUNY is titled Marxism and American Decadence. His wife, a graduate student in Slavic languages at Columbia, teaches Revolutionary Russian poetry.

Mellen, as befits a university finance minister, rose via the school of hard knocks. Dropping out of a CPA course during his senior year at UCLA, Mellen went on the road, working as a newspaper circulation organizer and as a traveling photographer, then wandering awhile. He returned to San Francisco State to take his B.A. in 1960. Encouraged by his professors he did a year's graduate work in political science, then went to the University of Iowa. He is currently at work on a doctoral dissertation dealing with the role of organized labor in foreign policy. His course, The Instruments of American Imperialism, began with an analysis of American intervention in the Dominican Republic.

After months of work, planning and preparing FUNY, Krebs and Mellen were shocked when their efforts to involve the students and instructors in the first open meeting aroused suspicion and obstreperousness. Although

Drawings by Harold Teichberg

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they had not intended to offer FUNY as a *fait accompli*, the founders were not prepared to let the "elephantine plenum," as Krebs later called the meeting, destroy FUNY to its own liking. After much parliamentary procedure (which prompted a middle-aged woman from Brooklyn to declare that she had not attended in order to listen to such garbage) and entreaties, and blowing off of steam and statements of good intentions and confidence, the hundred or so students and faculty approved the basic Krebs-Mellen administration of a coordinating committee — five instructors and two students — committed to an open meeting once a week. The "plenum" broke with Krebs-Mellen on finances, agreeing to pay $24 for the first eight-week course, but reducing the cost of additional courses to $8 per. (Instructors are not paid; in fact, many chipped in $30 apiece to help FUNY get started.)

The radical tendency toward anarchy simmered down once school had begun. FUNY's curriculum includes classes in film, poetry, drawing and dance, but most of the teaching bears on politics. Course titles include: Revolutionary Egyptology, The Struggle for Vietnamese Independence, Marxist Economics, The Permanent Revolution, Politics of Vision, Origin and Failure of Liberalism, Marxist Existentialism, Ethics and Reality, Leninism, History of the Cold War, Cuba, Magazine Organization, and Radical Afro-American Social Thought. These courses are not offered for credit, lead to no degree, are taught from no syllabus, only occasionally have reading lists, are variously lectures and seminars. Each of the instructors being his own master (thrown potluck with two, five or fifty students), some FUNY courses are college level, others are puerile.

Of the classes I sampled during the first week, my favorites are Calvin Hicks's Community Organization and Paul Krassner's Seminar on the Press and Satire. An anecdote from each may indicate the tenor of FUNY. Hicks, a Negro who is involved in community work in Harlem, commented on the difficulty well-intentioned white workers have in throwing off their deep-down racism. "What are you going to say," asked Hicks, "to the black cat who's watching the Rheingold *ethnic* ad — he's offered a blues singer as his bit — and this cat

says to you: 'They're messing me up with this chick. She's so assimilated she don't even have rhythm. You close your eyes and you hear something white.' What do you tell a cat like this?"

Krassner, who edits *The Realist*, uses his course to show the many ways of being seriously funny. Turning his class onto the satiric possibilities of puns and the politics of abortion, Krassner also analyzed a *New Yorker* cartoon: a pianist, before commencing, announces that he wants to make a foreign-policy statement. Krassner sees the laugh in this reaction-to-an-action in its incongruity and in its absolute possibility. Many of the students, although amused by the cartoon, felt the pianist was entirely justified.

Like any institution, FUNY will be defined by its members. As I saw it, the student body seemed intense and eager, composed mainly of middle-class Jewish college students, with a sprinkling of Middle Western note takers, a few middle agers, a handful of Negroes, a couple of graduate students, a boy with an earring.

"What do you mean by 'middle class'?" one student challenged his instructor. Another jotted down: "Stoics — wisdom — great good." Another, a student in Dr. Joseph Berke's The Psychotic Experience As an Archetype of *Paradise Lost*, remarked to a neighbor that the lady student relating her nightmare seemed to be asking for an eight-week psychotherapy.

FUNY takes all sorts — of instructors as well as students. Initially, its policy was to allow anyone who wanted to teach to do so provided the proposed course was unavailable elsewhere. (Curiously, courses taught by instructors listed as college teachers have been the most heavily enrolled. Academic credentials count even in revolutionary establishments.) At some future time, it may be necessary to screen prospective instructors. But by what standards, asked the second meeting of the coordinating committee. And how, indeed, should FUNY define its image? For a while, the committee decided, it will rely on "organic development." In no event, however, will FUNY seek tie-ins with other groups or movements. The school will remain a thing unto itself. And to this end, Krebs and Mellen insist that FUNY maintain its financial independence, taking no money from trust fund, foundation or private benefactor.

From all this, it should appear that FUNY is far more than a leftist gimmick, an aberration set up by and for undesirables. To have mustered more than 200 paying rebels, on the strength of word-of-mouth, ads in *The Village Voice* and some handbills, FUNY must have hit a mark. Moreover, if FUNY lasts through its now-planned fall semester, radicals who looked on while the beachhead was won may join the fight. Certain well-known names have already indicated their interest in participating, once FUNY proves its vitality.

Crucial, then, in the evaluation of this experiment—which beyond a bizarre curriculum may not offer much in the way of academic trail blazing — is the simple fact that it has been set up. Some people who wanted their own kind of university now have it. FUNY is proof that rebels need not be put down by the traditional administration taunt: if you don't like it here, leave. FUNY — as a statement of "this is what we want" — is constructive criticism at its best.

And now that American students are beginning to develop a sense of themselves as an oppressed minority with a national identity (Mario Savio may be the first nationally known, nonathletic BMOC), now that students know how to organize themselves, the notion of a Free University will spread. FUNY is an alternative manner and kind of education, capable of being put into practice not by negotiating with the enemy but by independent resolve. Freedom, at least to learn and teach, is sometimes available for the asking.

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The Grotesque Purgation

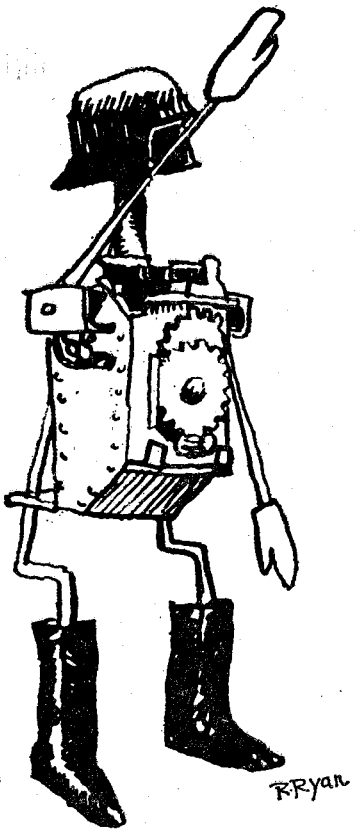
DOG YEARS. By Günter Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace and World. 570 pp. $6.95.

Paul West

Of all the things Günter Grass has taught us in his ribald, voluminous homily, the one that sticks—sticks perhaps in the throats of hopeful liberals who envision the Great Society—is that nihilism can be virtuous and books expressing it can be fat. Grass, more than any other member of the Group 47, has still not got over the guilt and the awfulness, the turpitude and the tantrum. He is still in deep shock and still, with obsessed acerbity, going over the same ground with the same thoughts in mind, and especially the thought that the German tragedy was the result of each individual's lack of faith in his fellows' readiness to support him in a decent refusal. Grass' is not the *non serviam* of Stephen Dedalus; it is, rather, the bleakest sequel yet to Thomas Mann's "I do not have much faith in faith, nor do I believe very much in faith, but far more in a goodness capable of existing without faith and which may even be the direct product of doubt."

This much became clear with *The Tin Drum.* And here now, boldly woven into another iconoclastic tapestry, is the identical theme, writ shambling large again and counterpointed by the presence of dogs, scarecrows and the Vistula River at Danzig. Brawny Walter Matern is a muddled Slavic German, both well meaning and despicable, self-hating and amoral. As a Nazi he helps beat up his maladroit, half-Jewish friend, Eddi Amsel, the scarecrow-maker, who (according to the minor deviltry of boys' rituals) was once his blood brother whom he taught to play a fair game of *schlagball;* after the war Amsel, mysteriously transformed from fat boy into Brauxel, the thin mine owner, tries to talk Matern out of the self-loathing into which he lapses. *Dog Years* is a work of dialectic, dialogue and parallels, whereas *The Tin Drum* is one of heroic monomania.

And yet, once the Matern-Amsel friendship has settled down into what is visibly the book's theme, Grass, who has his own perverse way of doing things, begins with beautiful indirection to blur it. Quite early he explains that "it will be necessary to



subject the Matern-Amsel friendship to many more trials," and he really puts the pair of them through it. But the main trial they undergo is that of his method, and this has two effects. First, they become less characters than magnificently animated motifs in a swarming, knobbly host of images. And, second, although they grow into men, they seem arrested in boyhood. So what we get is history moving forward from the twenties while Matern and Amsel, alternately meek and infernal Tweedledum and Tweedledee, look back to the ham-fisted autos-da-fé which have not only formed them irrevocably but supply Grass with the most poignant, most farcical version of his anti-Nazi theme.

Setting out to de-demonize the Nazi cult, Grass again chooses to dwarf it: not, as in *The Tin Drum,* by creating a monster of halted development (which is the arithmetical or plane way of doing it) but by creating two complementary characters whose growth into adulthood turns them only into enlarged boys adrift in a copiously noted landscape. This, I take it, is the algebraic or spherical way of handling the theme; and *Dog Years* is much the more deliberate, more controlled of the two novels. *The Tin Drum* is like improvised jazz, whereas *Dog Years,* for all its cavorting ribaldries and alluvial excursions, is a boldly orchestrated microcosm, amazing in its stylistic variety and yet indefatigably *ad rem.*

Part One not only deals with Matern and Amsel as boys but also records the beginnings of Harras the dog, who sires Prinz, the *Führer's* favorite pet. See how Grass puts it, naming the hound who will come from behind and surpass not only his contemporaries, human and canine, but even Amsel's super-scarecrow, "Potrimpos, the forever laughing youth with the ear of wheat between his teeth." "But," we learn, "Amsel never designed a scarecrow in the image of a dog. . . . All the scarecrows in his diary, except for the one with the milk-drinking eels and the other — half grandmother, half three-headed willow — are likenesses of men or gods." In this first part (to borrow Grass' own words) "elements of fantasy mingle with immemorial folk ways; delightful figures, but gruesome ones as well, may be standing in surging fields and in gardens blessed with abundance." The three strands of Matern-Amsel, dogs and Vistula—now seen with a dreaming omniscience, now with shocked incomprehension — conduct us firmly into a humdrum-awful, festively demented world that Grass has made his own. Sometimes the treatment is dead pan, with truckfuls of raw data dumped into the stanzalike paragraphs to thicken the texture or ballast the extravaganza. Sometimes the verbal sounds go running on while the sense—the original drift — remains intact. Sometimes

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Grass shuffles his feet, but usually in preliminary for a raucous shout; and sometimes the personages fall into slow motion, like Mardi Gras grotesques or, in Grass' phrase, "tin soldiers against magnifying glass." He doesn't waste a rhetorical trick.

Yet it is a sanely purposeful pandemonium he makes, and his narrative survives its garish, baroque burden of data. It survives what amounts to a caustic ecology of his native region, an ecology alive and unnerving with eels that suck the cows' teats; a miller who does a worm-and-beetle census of his flour by auscultating the sacks; headless knights and nuns; the scarecrow called the Great Cuckoo Bird which induces goiter, swivel-eye or miscarriage; Grandma Matern buried with her hairpins still in place; young Walter belting frogs with his *schlagball* bat; and a whole cacophony of tough chatter by tiny guys who have arrived here by way of *Cat and Mouse*.

If *Dog Years* stopped even at page 113, where the first part ends, it would be a dazzling feat of imaginative audacity. Somehow the facts about boyhood float apart and drift lazily sideways like exhaust in the sky until, suddenly, you have the feeling that Grass has managed a total image almost without trying for one. Something happens which gives extra life to, draws extra life from, every particle of the material read to that point. It's nothing to do with epiphany. It's a stunning total articulation of the human maxima and minima, adapted from Danziger folklore and travestied by Amsel's scarecrows. I don't think I have read any other postwar novel in which this diligent sense of life's interrelatedness and unity has been set down in such iron sentences or, through patient assembly of the fruits of exact examination, made so stark. Grass has managed this — and it cannot have been easy for him—by forgoing some of the gratuitous fun which enlivens but sometimes muffles *The Tin Drum*. This first part is incomparably well done, especially for the sense it gives of humanity blocked when, say, the miller listens to his sacks or Amsel eats newts' tails and then vomits them up (having passed the test). The actions bear on everyone and everything, are endlessly relatable, and gather to themselves layer on layer of significance without ever becoming meaningful. Grass shows us a region every bit as vivid, as tactile, as Yoknapatawpha County or Dylan Thomas' Wales, and reveals the inhabitants stretching after something that isn't merely human, rural or manufactured. They end up with folklore pushed to its limits, but blocked off from God (or whatever), with Amsel's scarecrows uninformative and stillborn against the dunes and the same uncaring Vistula. All overtures to mystery end by being answered by men. So it is safer, perhaps, to order one's life by the shifts at the mine or the *schlagball* periods in school. And all the time the dogs go about their business, couple and yelp, unscared by scarecrows and little heeded.

The narration of Part Two falls into the hands of the ingenious creep, Harry Liebenau, a younger member of the Amsel-Matern generation, and assumes the form of "Love Letters" to his cousin, Tulla (fresh from *Cat and Mouse*). When Tulla was born, Harras was 14 months old. Grass whips things along, portraying the middle dog years with ferocious honesty but somehow letting his characters become mere representatives. Once the coruscating documentation of boyhood and youth is over, things fall a bit flat. It's not that people become less imaginative as they get older, but that Grass treats his characters in much the same way as Mann treats Hans Castorp: with didactic intent so strong

In The Egg

(Translated by Michael Hamburger)

We live in the egg.
We have covered the inside wall
of the shell with dirty drawings
and the Christian names of our enemies.
We are being hatched.

Whoever is hatching us
is hatching our pencils as well.
Set free from the egg one day,
at once we shall draw a picture
of whoever is hatching us.

We assume that we're being hatched.
We imagine some good-natured fowl
and write school essays
about the colour and breed
of the hen that is hatching us.

When shall we break the shell?
Our prophets inside the egg
for a middling salary argue
about the period of incubation.
They posit a day called X.

Out of boredom and genuine need
we have invented incubators.
We are much concerned about our offspring inside the egg.
We should be glad to recommend our patent
to her who looks after us.

But we have a roof over our heads.
Senile chicks,
polyglot embryos
chatter all day
and even discuss their dreams.

And what if we're not being hatched?
If this shell will never break?
If our horizon is only that
of our scribbles, and always will be?
We hope that we're being hatched.

Even if we only talk of hatching
there remains the fear that someone
outside our shell will feel hungry
and crack us into the frying pan with a pinch of salt. —
What shall we do then, my brethren inside the egg?

Günter Grass

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as occasionally to deprive him of his own already established identity. It is as if Grass' heart looks back while his mind dutifully gets on with the painful job, alertly on the trail of Amsel (now manufacturing scarecrows that parody goose-stepping S.A. men, of whom Matern is one), the war, and Prinz, who deserts Hitler. The effect is a radiant, bony knottiness, but weakened because the calamities seem to be happening to people almost as arrested as Oskar Matzerath in *The Tin Drum.* True, Grass may want just that effect of the unspeakable marionette, but surely he could have secured it by giving us the contorted psychology of people sacrificing themselves to the stench of *Zeitgeist* (I am thinking of how well Hermann Broch does this in *The Sleepwalkers*).

As it is, the cruelty and turpitude of the boyhood games carry over into the second part only to animate a brilliant diagram in which Amsel and Matern, instead of festering inwardly, fade somewhat and begin to add up to a compound ghost. Grass triggers everything into colliding, dissonant activity which overpowers even the two girls, vicious Tulla and gentle Jenny. The materiality of farce takes over and the psychological point partly vanishes under a landslide of reportorial debris. So you feel sorry for the characters in the way you feel sorry for the sorcerer's apprentice or for children whose pets have got out of hand, and not (as I think Grass wants) sorry for adults who are fellow traveling with Peter Pan. One paragraph beginning: "Who does not rub his eyes when he looks on at transmutations, but is unable to believe either his eyes or the snow miracle?" puts it exactly. I was rubbing my eyes all through the first part, such were the transmutations. But the second part is like Tussaud or Disney; you marvel at the fecundity of the artifice but have no invitation to the interior. If this is the way the world almost ended, then where are the whimpers of conscience, the bangs of anguish on the brainpan? This central part should have been *penseroso* as well as *scherzando.* Then the curious round-and-round effect which it creates, with themes and images — rats, bone piles at the camps, raspberry drops, Tulla's miscarriage from jumping off a moving streetcar, Jenny's knitting, Heidegger's jargon, kennels and black shepherds—convecting like rice in boiling water, would have seemed less smart, less a feat of nothing but virtuosity.

Having blamed Grass I unblame him. I have to. Look what happens when a German tries to do interpretive psychology: *Doctor Faustus, Steppenwolf, On the Marble Cliffs, The Man Without Qualities.* This way is better. It is, in both senses, a tattoo, both ornate and percussive. Grass is right to reduce to bestial puppetry the antihuman antics of a whole generation. I think it might be imprudent fictional technique, but it is a reduction with both poetic and historical justification. One catastrophe-quiet, shame-laden sentence almost at the end of Part Two sets things to rights and reminds us of some of the reasons: "All are eager to start out fresh with living, saving, letter writing, in church pews, at pianos, in card files and homes of their own." The rest is dog yelps from the machine of the economic miracle.

"Materniads" — scabrous semiphilippics — compose the third part. Matern, released from an English anti-Fascist camp, inherits Prinz whom he first thinks of calling "Shit" but finally names Pluto (shades of Cerberus). He embarks on a tour of revenge which involves infecting the wives and daughters of his former comrades in the S.A. with venereal disease. While he does so the novel, like Matern and his lewd hosts, Sawatzki and his Inge, sleeping three to one bed, develops a "yearning for intricate harmony: so many arms and legs!" But things do come together, as when Matern and Sawatzki accidentally touch fingers while exploring Ingepussy from different sides of the common bed. One touch of Matern's clap makes the whole nation kin, and not until his vengeance is complete does he cure himself by urinating into an electric socket. He swyves on, however, unable to resist the hungry Inges, and five times more has to resort to electricity to rid himself of "his lordship's cold."

He begins to fail while, all over Germany, the meal worms (those born survivors) take over and the novel becomes a bombinating parody of the *Wirtschaftswunder* through which, on their six legs, Matern and Pluto stumble vengefully, clad in patches of Joycean prose. A radio script partly in verse falls into the narrative like a curbstone, and Matern ends up visiting the infernal region of Brauxel's mine, where countless mechanical scarecrows called rage engines now

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await the invasion order from above. As Brauxel observes, "A cardinal emotion that promotes the grinding of teeth can't be a passing fad." *Sic transit* Eddi Amsel.

No two ways about it: the book is a work of genius, no matter how cantankerous, willful, filthy, tedious, brutal, nihilistic, long-winded, importunate, self-conscious or Germany-obsessed you find it. If execution can be lyrical, then *Dog Years* is that. But the hangman is far from affable and, it is worth pointing out, this is the second time he has formally executed this body. Never has a dunghill been reported with such a consummate sense of its pageantry or the violence of racism smacked dead with so savage a hand. Matern and Amsel are both to blame, both to be felt with, neither to be excused. To be human is not to be excused, but only to make excuses when confronted with a censor as drastic as this. Isn't that, perhaps, why Grass lingers with such terrible infatuation over his childhood years? Then, at least, the brutality is supposed to be partly innocent. Ralph Manheim's translation, an impossible task, brings into being an English that might give pause to English-writing novelists themselves. If, of course, this stupendous, lethal *graffito* doesn't stop them dead in their tracks in the first place.

Notes From Afar: Part I

Harold Clurman

I left New York on April 17 and returned July 5. The ten weeks were spent at the University of California, Davis; in Tokyo, Kyoto and Nara in Japan; in Paris and London. Ordinarily I return to New York eager to report on the theatre of distant shores, often anticipating the arrival of plays from abroad, especially the British plays, which if they have been hailed in England sooner or later turn up, along with our musicals, on a Broadway that has become a receiving station for London goods. This time, however, I prefer to set down "travel notes" rather than deliver opinions, because I am more concerned at the moment with the sources, the tendencies, the social and psychological environment of drama than with the detail of individual examples.

In California I was encouraged in my belief that the "breakdown" of Broadway—due in large part to economic strangulation — may prove a boon to the American theatre. There is a lively appetite for theatre in and around university towns in many parts of the country. I don't refer simply to shopworn metropolitan hits or even to the respectable routine of modern repertory — Shaw, Chekhov, etc., — but to plays unfamiliar even among the more adventurous producers off-Broadway: for example, such a play as Michel de Ghelderode's epic farce *Pantagleize*, recently performed by a new company in San Francisco. But it may take ten years before this upsurge of activity outside New York assumes major proportions.

In Tokyo the most interesting theatre is still provided in the traditional framework: the Puppet Theatre, the Noh and the Kabuki. It is truly an exotic theatre, wholly distinct from any Western tradition. It does not seek to imitate nature but to create a reality of its own. Scholars explain that the Kabuki, almost as much as the Noh theatre, does not model its playing on human behavior so much as on the first and favorite actors of the Japanese stage — the puppets.

Very little of the ancient Greek, Elizabethan or neo-Classic French corresponds to the old Japanese theatre. The sounds we hear in the Noh playhouse strike sorrowful notes from a supernal dimension, sounds which at no time echo the actual speech in any of the feudal courts where the plays were originally performed. The masks are marked by serenity, as if the types they indicate had transcended tragedy; pain itself wears a smile, gentle or ever so faintly ironic. The masks for demons display a frozen rictus with eyes rendered cavernous by fury or dismay.

One's sense of time is made to vanish in the Noh play. The very gestures and the progress of the actors across the beautifully burnished cypress stage floor are calculated to create a feeling of timeless immobility. The spectator feels himself lifted to a realm of pure Idea, a heaven above concepts of good and evil, pleasure or pain. If there remains some trace of earthly woe it has been so etherealized that we are induced to contemplate it with godlike imperturbability and yet with the most intimate concern. The weird music of the Noh theatre makes Webern seem like Wagner. In it, a bereaved soul emanates eerily from a remote sphere. To appreciate Noh one must liberate oneself from Western impatience, from the impulse to immediately purposive action.

Most Americans prefer the Kabuki, a form developed to please the emerging middle class of the 17th century. Noh is essentially aristocratic. Kabuki is gayer, grosser, more colorful, more closely related to real life. Still Kabuki is to an Occidental play as Noh is to Kabuki. Genuine performances are permeated with sounds in speech and music as formalized and distinct from normal Japanese speech as is the Noh play.

Nowadays one sees relatively little of what I call "genuine" Kabuki. One finds in the Kabuki repertory (especially during the late spring and summer) too many plays dating from 1868, in which the earlier forms have become adulterated by commonplace influences from the West. The results are often neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring.

Apart from certain Kabuki dances and other exquisitely savage moments (in one case a double love-suicide—always idealized in old Japan) the best Kabuki I saw was not at the accredited Kabuki-za but at the Zenshin-za, a group organized thirty-five years ago. Here I saw a scrupulously organized performance of a play in the classic Kabuki style. Music, movement, costumes and speech were marvelously modulated in alternations of humorous characterizations, irony and violence. But it is interesting to note that the gentleman who served as my interpreter was shocked that in one scene the leading actor made slurping noises when he drank from a bowl of wine—a bit of coarse realism that is abhorrent to Kabuki purists.

Elderly and educated folk attend Noh performances with "librettos" in their hands because the language of the plays is archaic. A less refined but on the whole middle-aged crowd (often accompanied by kids) frequent the Kabuki-za. The younger generation goes to the movies and is even more addicted to television. There are also revues, equivalents of our old burlesque shows, an all-girl musical entertainment and the inflaming rites of the strip tease. The young sophisticates have become enthralled

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by all the forms of abstraction and Pop art that we know so well.

There has also been for some time a Japanese theatre in the "Western style," playing contemporary Japanese plays (some by the highly gifted novelist Yukio Mishima) and foreign plays, including most recently Giraudoux's *Ondine* and Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. One is constantly questioned about Stanislavsky's system and Brecht's practice. While the mechanics of the camera have been thoroughly mastered in Japan, the Western style in the theatre has not yet matured. One senses the difficulty that Japanese actors experience in changing from the presentational style—of Noh, Kabuki, Brecht and vaudeville—to the representational, that is, the more or less realistic. The Japanese actor tends to relate either directly to the audience or to his own individual virtuosity, rather than to his fellow actor in a closely knit context, every part of which must contribute to the whole.

The Japanese will learn this technique in time, as they have assimilated other things from other lands. At present their civilization is in a state of catapulting transition. Tokyo is New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh in one — with occasionally sharp throwbacks to an age-old past. The 20th century and the 18th seem to have become scrambled. One feels like crying out, "Too fast!"

Industrialization is epidemic. Tokyo, for all its April cherry blossoms, its June wisteria, azaleas and lotus flowers, is not beautiful. It is exciting, a kind of spectacularly mad Wonderland, a wilderness of machinery, heavy traffic, swirling neon. One is reminded of our twenties and one fears a sudden depression. Even now there are signs that a recession is affecting the middle class (most movie companies are bankrupt through overproduction of cheap films) though there is full employment for the workers.

When in 1963 I wrote here about my first Tokyo visit I spoke of asymmetry as a characteristic feature of Japanese art, to be observed in flower arrangements, in gardens, in the dance and in the graphic arts. On this trip I heard a guide in Kyoto—he was something of a poet, painter and sage in the manner of the elite of a past age—say, "Irregularity appeals to the Japanese. But there must be harmony in the irregularity." As he spoke I wondered whether the present irregularity of Japanese civilization, its hectic growth, could be composed into a harmony.

I cannot leave off here without speaking of my work in Japan. Under the auspices of the Office of Cultural Presentations of the U.S. State Department, I staged O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* with an American cast I had brought with me for the benefit, and with the cooperation of a company that is now rehearsing the play in Japanese for a Tokyo production in September. This company called Kumo (which means cloud) is an Institute of Dramatic Art, a training ground as well as a theatre group. It is one of a number of such groups—all of them engaged in an acute rivalry that arose initially over political differences—devoted to Western-style drama. The Kumo group has given productions of Sartre, Ionesco and recently Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* under Michael Benthall, the director emeritus of the Old Vic.

I began from scratch with the reading of O'Neill's play and rehearsed it for four weeks until the American troupe was able to present two run-through rehearsals (no scenery or "effects") for invited audiences, predominantly Japanese. Most of the preparatory rehearsals were attended by actors, directors and students. They came prepared with the Japanese translation of the play and were thus able to follow the action. My comments and instructions to the actors were translated.

Apart from much else I learned from the experience, I began to see the play in a new light. For though I had read and reviewed the play on its publication, saw and reviewed its New York production, I had never understood what for me at present is its most significant aspect. Like *A Touch of the Poet*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is a tragedy of the American immigrant.

James Tyrone of *Long Day's Journey* was born in Ireland. In his struggle to establish himself in the new country he is cut off and cuts his family off from his or any other tradition — even Catholicism. All is submerged in the fight waged first for security, then for success. What has wrecked the Tyrone family is a loss of faith, that is, a principle of spiritual coherence. This leads to

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Tyrone's artistic failure. The theatre was the faith which he betrayed by the endless repetition of a huge box-office success. This made him what he supposed he had to be to get ahead in America: a rich man—who remained forever fearful of poverty. His wife, no longer sustained by religion, cut off from the comfort of a permanent home, is shattered by this outer and inner displacement and has taken to drugs. The elder son has become a drunkard in constant conflict with his parents though he loves them. The younger son alone saves himself from the fatal cycle by his realization of how the family misfortune occurred and what it means. The physical and moral homelessness of the American immigrant in the industrial era is what O'Neill struggled to reveal throughout his career. It is a factor crucial to the understanding of our cultural history. Through this perception, which had escaped me in the hasty contact that most of us effect in journalistic criticism, I was able to integrate my work on the play and to make it a sort of metaphorical lesson. This interpretation possessed a special value for those who were rehearsing the play, and I hoped it would also convey something particular to the Japanese as well—for they, in the past twenty years, have been launched on a tortuous path in what is virtually a new land. The challenge for the Japanese today is possibly even more astounding than was that of our country between 1865 and the present.

(To be continued)

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

MUSEUM HAUTEUR

The older the buildings, the better they seem in the Museum of Modern Art's current architectural exhibition —Sixty-five Years of Modern Architecture in the United States. The show starts with Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Church in Oak Park, Ill. (built in 1906, when Ernest Hemingway, born in Oak Park, was but 8), meanders around the country watching modern architecture grow belligerently moral, like Clifford Odets, before beginning to mirror Madison Avenue, and finally ends up with an odd couple of still unfinished buildings—one rather good, one not. The good one is back in Chicago, the tall, wide, plain Chicago Civic Center, by architects C. F. Murphy Associates, with the assistance of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, and of Loebl, Schlossman and Bennett. Beside it is the small, single-story IBM office building in Cranford, N.J., by Victor Lundy.

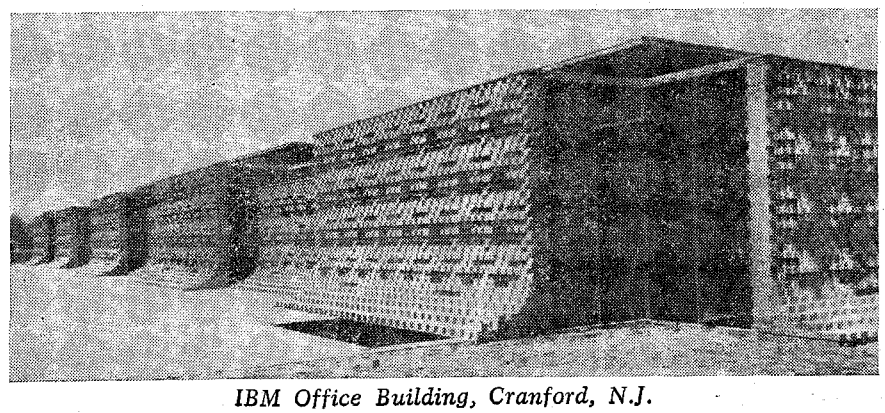
To find an evident source for both the latter buildings, you have only to keep revolving through the exhibition until you begin again, with Frank Lloyd Wright. Unity Church can provide antecedents for almost anything or everything in modern architecture, without very hard looking. It was plain; its reinforced concrete structure, very advanced for its day, saw to that. In essence it was a glorious shoe box, but the space inside was hardly pedestrian. The volume was (and is; the building survives) noble almost beyond belief. Equally impressive was the oriental architectural caligraphy of the trim and the church furniture, prayerfully severe. The building predicted the best efforts of several architectural movements of our time, and rendered the prediction not at all rawly.

For example, L. Mies van der Rohe's early masonry houses in Europe had something of the expression of Unity Church, although Mies probably derived it through Peter Behrens' industrial work, rather than directly from Wright. Subsequently, of course, Mies manufactured his own modern movement in steel and glass. Today we have the gaunt towering slab of the Chicago Civic edifice, which follows the Mies model with the addition of an icing of rust (used in its exterior wall is the handsome Corten steel which, unpainted, shells itself securely in rust, with a very old, Etruscan expression). It is a truly impressive design, although almost entirely unoriginal for its time.

The latest Victor Lundy original is a unique but irrelevant building. Lundy was just back, it is evident, from South and Central America, from the thin air of Machu Pichu to the dangerous lowlands of Chichen Itza, which impressed Wright too, and built, for IBM of all people, a pre-Columbian postcard of a building. It shows his talent, but it also shows a wild lack of restraint, and a passionate love for all his own ideas or interests. The exterior walls are a clever, jittery composition of panels made of concrete blocks, protruding to various degrees, and, at their bases, curved outward into the ground line. The wall crawls. Indoors, the design dominants are the widely flaring columns with very thin ankles that feel like a combination of Wright's Johnson's Wax mushroom columns and Victorian raffia work. They are cast in concrete.

All in all, this IBM job is fancy rather than forceful, and it says clearly what the show murmurs in other quarters: modern American architecture is dispersing its fervor in flourishes. The period of reaction to the historical nonsense which preceded modern architecture was secure, confidently energetic in its crusading zeal. Today, at worst, we have buildings which are carnivals; at best, buildings which show great craft in their design.

To return to Chicago once more, to Wright and Mies, it is clear that some of the reinforced concrete buildings in this exhibition are very serious work. But none of them approaches Unity Church's elemental force. They are cake; it is bread. Nor do any of the steel frame buildings add anything to the tall Mies 860 and



IBM Office Building, Cranford, N.J.

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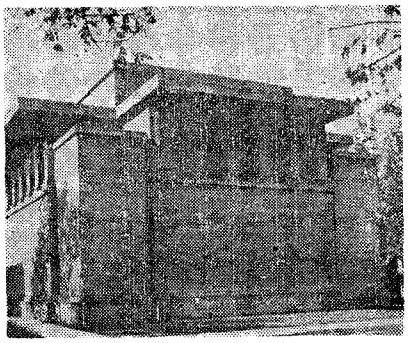
880 Lake Shore Drive apartments of the early 1950s or the lower frames of Mies's work at Illinois Institute of Technology. True, the fancy work continues to become more skillful. But after pausing at the photograph of Edward Stone's house for A. Conger Goodyear (Long Island, 1940) and admiring the way in which this early American International Style essay now wears its ivy, one is not made happier by turning to Yamasaki's weightless arches or Stone's famous screens—industrial ivy.

The show itself suffers in overall seriousness because it does not even include the most hopeful building of the past ten years: Saarinen's Dulles Airport, a structure in which the original questing character of modern architecture was rediscovered. I visited it again a few weeks ago. There it sits, riding its swelling sea of Virginia landscape, rhapsodic in its vigorous functionalism. Another great work out of the late Saarinen's shop, the Deere and Co. administrative building in Moline, Ill. (also clad in a Core-ten rust), is present in this Museum of Modern Art show, although not well photographed. Deere is difficult to photograph, but Dulles is not, and its omission marks this aggregation of architectural photography as a pleasantly wandering essay that declines judgments, and does not care much of a damn—museum hauteur.

Although not driving toward real conclusions, Arthur Drexler's captions do the responsible duty of pointing out how roughly we are treating some of these buildings.



Unity Church, Oak Park, Ill.

About Mies's IIT Minerals and Metals Research Building (Chicago, 1943), he says: "Recent additions and poor maintenance have marred this and other IIT buildings." About Erich Mendelsohn's Maimonides Health Center (San Francisco, 1950), "The balconies were walled in and the building disfigured beyond recognition."

The installation has been criticized severely, but I did not find that so bad. Although some of the hardware is rather golden, the buildings themselves are shown more than adequately in immense back-lighted transparencies, and the color is generally very good. All that Kodachrome sky is bound to give it somewhat the air of *The National Geographic*, but the *Geographic* at its best is not bad.

What the design of the exhibition does demonstrate is the high quality of the big new hall in the Museum of Modern Art. A very fine space indeed, it is finally shown to us in its entirety, not cut up by devious display designing.

THEATRE

Julius Novick

TWO CHERRY ORCHARDS

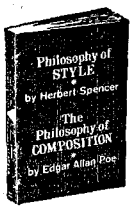
The past few years have seen the rise of an international movement directed at getting Chekhov out from behind the proscenium. David Ross did a cycle of his plays in a small room on Fourth Street in New York; Sir Laurence Olivier mounted *Uncle Vanya* on a vast thrust stage at Chichester in England; Sir Tyrone Guthrie did *The Three Sisters* in Minneapolis. And this year *The Cherry Orchard*, in a new translation by Dr. Guthrie and Leonid Kipnis, is on view at both the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis and the Shakespearean Festival Theatre at Stratford, Ontario.

The Chichester and Minneapolis stages were inspired by that of the Ontario Stratford, which was designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Dr. Guthrie with Shakespeare primarily in mind. The argument of the open-stage proponents, that Shakespeare ought to be produced on the kind of stage for which he wrote, would if extended to Chekhov provide a further reason for keeping him behind the proscenium. Perhaps, then, these two open-stage *Cherry Orchards* would have been even better on a proscenium stage, but both of them are very good as they stand. The experience they provide is, essentially, not of the open stage but of Chekhov.

Chekhov thought—or said he thought—that *The Cherry Orchard* was "a comedy, and in some spots even a farce"; Stanislavsky, on the other hand, said flatly: "This is not a comedy; this is a tragedy." Both of the current productions express an intermediate point of view, striking a nice balance between comedy and pathos. In neither is there any question of tragedy. Madame Ranevskaya and her brother Gaev, who allow their ancestral cherry orchard—and the way of life it represents—to slip through their fingers, are aristocratic spoiled children, too weak and silly for tragic purposes. But though the comic side of their difficulties is acknowledged in both productions, and much is made of the out-and-out absurdity of their friends and servants, in neither production is the seriousness of their plight scanted or burlesqued.

Guthrie's production at Minneapolis seemed to me both funnier and more touching than John Hirsch's at Stratford, though not by a very great margin. As Ranevskaya and Gaev, Jessica Tandy and Robert Pastene in Minneapolis move through twin hazes of dreamy disconnection. William Hutt, the admirable Stratford Gaev, cannot quite compete with Mr. Pastene's exquisitely detailed vaguery. Neither can Miss Tandy—until the climax of the play, when the upstart ex-peasant Lopahin bursts in with the news that the cherry orchard has been sold. Ranevskaya has nothing to say in this scene; in the Guthrie production she simply sits in an armchair, facing front. As Lopahin shouts and carries on behind her, she listens, tries not to cry, and fails. Miss Tandy does this with such grace and such power as to make the scene, and the evening, hers.

At Stratford, Ranevskaya is played



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by hearty, dumpy Kate Reid—rather an odd choice for the last of a long line of aristocrats, in spite of the skill and subtlety of her playing. If only she were a man, however, what a Lopahin she would make! As things are, Lopahin is played well at Stratford by stubby Douglas Campbell, and less well by Lee Richardson in Minneapolis; Mr. Richardson shows no sign of ever having been a peasant, and so obscures Lopahin's position in the play.

Minneapolis and Stratford are the two foremost repertory theatres on this continent, and *The Cherry Orchard*, with its round dozen of rich but difficult roles, shows off the strength in depth of both companies. The two Trofimovs are very different: Ken Ruta at Minneapolis plays this "perennial student" as a drowsy, plaintive, bewildered spaniel puppy, while Hugh Webster at Stratford makes him a dry, wizened insect. The two excellent Varyas, however, are much alike: Nancy Wickwire (Minneapolis) and Frances Hyland (Stratford) are sober, fretful, sharp-tongued, and just about equally touching; incipient spinsterhood hangs like a cloud over both.

The other Minneapolis offerings to date have been justifiably less admired, although Douglas Campbell's production of *The Way of the World* (this season Campbell has worked at Minneapolis as well as at Stratford) proves how beautifully actable this Restoration masterpiece is. Zoe Caldwell is often exquisitely delectable as the flirtatious Millamant, though her energy level is sometimes dangerously low; Robert Milli as her lover Mirabell, though a little lacking in glamour and sparkle, is in period without being foppish, and makes it clear that Mirabell is the play's standard of value, the only man in it who deserves respect. But one of Congreve's most marvelous feats in this play is to make fashionable wit into a language of love more erotically alive than any endearments; since the two Minneapolis lovers never seem particularly in love, the play's central relationship loses much of its urgency and fascination.

What is left is still quite enough for a good evening's entertainment: a great deal of brilliant dialogue, well rendered, and several funny fools. Few American companies could do even as well as this.

Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Richard III*, which opened the current Minneapolis season, is of little consequence. Nobody could say of Hume Cronyn's Richard, as Tennyson said of Henry Irving's, "Where did you get that Plantagenet look?" Little Mr. Cronyn is not very kingly, nor very formidable; he does not catch much of Richard's perverse heroism. The production gets by well enough, however, on Mr. Cronyn's good timing and general professionalism, and on Guthrie's gift for theatrical excitement.

It has been a good season so far at the Guthrie Theatre, nor is this all. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* joined the repertory after I had left for Stratford (whence I shall report further in my next column), and a revival of the 1963 Minneapolis production of Molière's *Miser*, with Hume Cronyn again in the title role, will open in September. Good intentions are no substitute for professionalism, but this company appears to have both.

The Unthinkable Target

(*Continued from page 75*)

that the sins of the other side excuse and outweigh our own. Whatever the merits of such a morality, however, they are more relevant in retrospect than in anticipation of a given decision to step up the war. The decision to bomb Hanoi, once taken, would be officially justified by reference to all the genuine and fictitious evils of communism. But the decision has yet to be taken; and in the meantime the Administration seems to have reservations, of whatever sort, about taking it. There remains a little time in which to give support to these reservations, and to remind ourselves that the issue facing us is not merely resistance to communism, with its evils both genuine and fictitious, but the question of whether we can square the wholesale destruction of civilian populations with our claims to humanity. It is not yet possible, in this particular instance, for Arthur Schlesinger to tell us that it is pointless to rake over old errors and lies, that we have no course but to assess the hard alternatives. At this moment, one of these alternatives remains not to bomb the cities of Vietnam and their inhabitants as a possible solution to our accumulated embarrassments.

We have had two decades to ponder, without resolving, the questions of collective guilt for collective monstrosities. If one does not adhere to an absolute pacifism and to the condemnation of violence under any circumstances, then one must face moral issues as they are posed in specific political-historical contexts. Pacifists and "pragmatists" both miss the interrelatedness of political and moral questions. Moral decisions have inescapable political consequences. Moral decisions which normalize terror are politically disastrous because in normalizing terror they erode the traditional bases of democracy—a respect for life and a certain disrespect for authority, especially when it wields ultimate weapons in the name of ultimate truths. There is still time, in this particular case, to say that no matter what atrocities have been committed in the past, under no matter what provocations, another resort to terror would serve only to hasten our political decline.

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